

DEATH STOPPED AT THE CABLE CURVE.

Record of a Life Saver at Fourteenth and Broadway After the Police Parade.

Many Snatched in Front of Flying Cars Just in Time to Escape Injury.

PFEIFER'S BAD QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

Condensed History of Deeds Made Necessary by the Existence of a Great Danger at an Always Crowded Corner.

The dangers of the death curve at Fourteenth street and Broadway were fully exemplified yesterday afternoon. The police parade had passed, the streets about Union square were thronged with excited crowds and the cable cars, which had been stopped while the policemen passed, resumed their deadly career around the complicated corners, as it seemed with their diabolical vigor renewed after an enforced rest.

Patrolman Pfeiffer, whose duty it is to rescue daily scores of scared foot passengers from death, had a bad quarter of an hour immediately after 3:30. While the procession of his fellow policemen was passing, he stood on the curb meditatively viewing the huge signboards advertising "artificial limbs," which, curiously enough, decorate both sides of the street.

When the cars recommenced running he cheerfully took his stand in the middle of the road, and assisted by the three employees of the Metropolitan Traction Company fought in opposition to the interests of the rival makers of artificial legs and arms.

The deeds of Pfeiffer during that quarter of an hour are worthy a chronicle in detail.

3:31—Stopped a stout old lady, with her arms full of parcels, who would have dashed in front of a downtown car; held her by sheer strength with one hand, while setting a little girl by the shoulder and dragging her back as a car did by. Escorted both to the west curb, then snatched one of old lady's bundles from beneath the wheels of an uptown car.

3:32—Delivered bundle safely and dodged express wagon by an inch to catch two children who had chosen the far tracks to play tag on. Saved them from certain death and got gazed from a safe distance.

3:33—Hunted several timid women across to the east side and held a rush of a score of people at bay till two cars had raced past in opposite directions.

3:34—Helped a blind man with a hand organ across the tracks of destruction, rushing back in time to catch a little tot in his arms and hold safely between passing cars, while the distracted mother howled upon the sidewalk.

3:35—Held up a hee-haw wagon that seemed imbued with the demonic spirit of the cars, argued pleasantly with the driver, managing excited and surging masses that flooded from both directions while



AGED MAN DIVES TO DEATH.

Despondent Agido Assalta Goes Down an Air Shaft.

Unfortunate in speculation in Europe, Agido Assalta, sixty-seven years old, of No. 72 Second avenue, came to this country from Italy, twelve years ago to tend on his fortune. He brought his eleven children with him, and started in the real estate business on the East Side.

Asthma and heart disease followed overwork and he became an invalid seven years ago.

His sons were graduated from college and engaged in business. Joseph is a druggist at Prince and Mott streets; Raphael became a physician, and two others opened a real estate office. They earned enough to keep the family well.

Assalta never recovered, and he grew despondent. A few weeks ago his physician told him the end was near. Sunday night, in anticipation of his death, a reunion of his children was held, and the old man seemed to brighten up.

Yesterday morning he grew worse and ate nothing. He sent his son Joseph from the breakfast room and then jumped out through the air shaft to the pavement, a distance of thirty feet.

His son found him there a few minutes later. He had died instantly. The coroner and police were notified.

Fell Dead off His Steam Bicycle.

Cambridge, Mass., June 1.—H. S. Roper, a mechanical engineer living in the Roxbury district, was killed at the New Charles River Bicycle Park this forenoon, while experimenting with a steam bicycle. He was setting a pace for "Tom" Butler, the well-known professional rider. At the beginning of the last quarter, Roper lost control of the wheel and fell striking on his head. He died almost instantly. The machine which he was riding was one of his own invention.

Doctors think his death was caused by heart disease.

Spurns His Country's Laws.

Justice McAdam became incensed yesterday because a Supreme Court juror asked to be excused on the ground that he did not believe in American institutions, particularly the jury system. "Get out of here!" cried Justice McAdam, and then, when the man had gone, he added: "I like to punish that fellow if I could." The man refused to give his name, but declared he was a native American.

Sculptor Story's Fortune.

Boston, June 1.—The inventory of the estate of the late William Story, the sculptor, filed to-day, shows his estate to be worth \$212,000, of which \$165,000 is real and the remainder personal.

BOY CHARGED WITH BURGLARY.

Eddie Wall, the twelve year old boy charged with burglary, who with two or more companions is said to have robbed the laundry of Sam Dort, at No. 2 James St., last Sunday night, was arraigned in the Centre Street Court yesterday morning, and committed to the care of the City Society for an examination to-morrow. The police expect by that time to have the other boys.

There was an air of sympathetic grief in Double alley yesterday for most of the residents knew Eddie, but their concern was not so much for him as for a respectable old grandmother who was trying to bring him up to lead an honorable life. This woman, Mrs. Connelly went to court yesterday morning, listened to the trial and weeping kissed Eddie goodbye, as he was taken away by a Gerry agent.

Sam Dort was a disconsolate looking figure in his little laundry yesterday. He had lost \$22.50 he said, and it would well nigh break him.

NIGHT WARDEN REINSTATE.

Asher Harris Held Guiltless of the Charges Made Against Him.

Night Warden Asher Harris, of the Tombs, who was suspended ten days ago by Commissioner Wright, of the Department of Correction, pending the investigation of charges that he had been admitting women visitors to the prison at night, was reinstated yesterday. The matter has been investigated by Warden Van De Carr, with the result of exonerating him. The charges originated with a prisoner named Constidine, under charge of murder. The only basis is said to have been that Harris allowed a woman one night to enter his office to telephone to Jersey City.

Patrolman Houghtaling had only been on this post fifteen minutes on May 25 when he was severely injured. He was discharged from the New York Hospital yesterday. The accident books of this hospital show that there have been ambulance calls for accidents at the corner of Fourteenth street and Broadway every week for months. It is only because four men are in constant duty at the corner that this is not increased a hundredfold.

cars, clanging bells, approached from north and south.

3:36 to 3:40—Successfully engineered the passage of several hundred persons.

3:41—Went to the rescue of two timid women with baby carriages; took one by the arm and wheeled the other carriage across himself.

3:43—Saved a life or two.

3:44—Ditto.

3:45—Ditto.

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WHAT'S IN A NAME.

Titles Suggested for the Suburban Home Which May Solve the Problem.

Famous Country Seats and the Names Bestowed Upon the Delightful Resorts by Their Owners.

One of the most valuable possessions at this season is either a cottage by the sea or a bungalow in the mountains.

If endowed with an attractive name, its value is doubled; therefore, let every fair chitelinee see to it before she buys her Japanese matting, willow furniture and denim sofa pillows that she select a name for her home and then that she promptly have it stamped upon all her stationery. It will adorn the sheet of paper, give a thrill of pardonable pride to the owner and delight the friends who are summoned to spend "the two weeks beginning with July 1 at—Clover Hook, perchance, or Clover Patch, or Bannocks or Debnatched.

Either one of these names has a delightfully repetitious sound, suggestive of choice far niente and all agreeable things.

If possessed of a home in the country which is as yet unnamed, possibly among the following titles a pleasing one may be found:

The name chosen, beyond and above all things, must be appropriate. A little suburban villa, with a lawn no bigger than a handkerchief, must not be designated as The Cedars, The Hermitage, or Hemlock Hall, although either one of these cognomens would fit a home in the mountains very well; Woodvale, Sevenoaks or Wilder-nesse are excellent and euphonious for homes on the hillside, while for the suburban cottage Sunnycroft, Sunny Holmes or Wynocote is better.

If a country home has a suggestion of tropical verdure about the place, or the style of the house warrant it, The Banyans or The Bungalow is not half bad.

Dover or Daisies or Dalketh are titles best adapted, perhaps, to the cottage by the sea, as well as Lindemere, Intermere, Windermere, Ultima Thule or The Anchorage.

Terms ending in "house" are not common—there is but one, the Prescott Lawrence place at Newport, known as Rhua House. In England it is made of frequent use—for instance, Northwood House, Westwood House, Hatfield, Clifton and Laver-stoke House.

Neither are we familiar with the names ending in girth, of which charming use can be made. Indeed, can anything be prettier than Applegirth?

Out on Long Island there is a delightful old place, and its fair mistress has happily named it Applegirth. It is a place where orchards abound and where blooms in June that was certainly modelled after the Garden of Eden or the garden of the Hesperides or whatever it is or was most charming in its locale.

The Grange, Manor, Hall or Lodge are best suited for estates of some size.

There is also a dignity about names ending in burst or cliff, which makes them most appropriate for landed possessions of goodly proportions, situated in a commanding position. There are Oakhurst, Hazelhurst, Maplehurst, Hawkhurst, Wyndhurst and Lyndhurst, either of these is a charming designation for one's country residence, particularly if the old, the maple or the yew tree abound.

Lyndhurst was the name the late Jay

Gould chose for his home at Irvington-on-Hudson, on account of the great number of Linden trees on the place. Ferncliffe is the Aster place at Rhinebeck on the Hudson.

One's own name often gives a happy inspiration in naming a country home, for instance, the late Mrs. Paron Stevens (nee Marietta Reed) thought Marietta Villa the proper title for her Newport cottage, while The Breezes seemed both charming and suitable as a name for Mrs. James L. Breesee's place at Tuxedo.

Gracefield is ex-Mayor Grace's home at Great Neck; Lloydcliff, Mrs. John C. Lloyd's home at Montclair Park; Vall Court, the Robert Vall home at Lenox, and Hurst Pierpoint, the Edwards Pierpoint home at Garrison-on-Hudson.

A fashion of recent date and one that is distinctly smart is to call your place a farm. For instance, Mr. Eugene Higgins's handsome country seat at Morristown, is named Glen Farm, and Shelbourne Farm, Vermont, is the Seward Webb's Summer home. Mr. and Mrs. George Post occupy Claremont Farm, Bernardsville, during the Summer, and Rosemary Farm is Mrs. Calvin Goddard's home at Wallingford. Happy Creek Farm is the Harrison place at Devon, while Mrs. Daniel Trench has simply The Farm stamped upon her stationery when she is in Concord.

Beck View Farm at Dundee is Lawyer Clark Beck's home, and Hammersmith Farm at Newport belongs to Mrs. John Auchincloss.

Surpassing all in happy nomenclature for a Summer home is the name the Rutherford Stuyvesants have given to their place in New Jersey—Tranquillity Farm.

Here and There.

The Park policeman had a grim sense of humor. The bicycle beginner had mounted with great difficulty and had wobbled across the path of the carriage drivers like one who is tired of life.

In the course of four or five seconds she rode into the pebble strewn gutter, fell sideways on to the upward slope of the green-sward and became hopelessly tangled in the skirt-guard chain and pedals of her wheel. It was then that the facetious policeman approached. He looked upon the struggling damsel and remarked stolidly:

"No trespassing on the grass here."

They were toll-stained, weather-beaten old men and their appearance stirred the imagination of the girl who journeyed upward in the elevated train with them. They were evidently of the manual laboring class, and the buttons on their coarse, dirty coats bore the letters "B. S. C." The girl looked at them for some time. It was so soon after Decoration Day that memories of the grizzled veterans were strong within her, and she burst forth poetically to a friend by her side:

"See those men! Do you know, it thrills me to see old soldiers who have to toil now for their daily bread, as those men must! Think of how they suffered, of all they have done and see how they still suffer and struggle!"

"Why, Adele!" remarked the friend.

"How do you know they are old soldiers?"

"See those letters on their buttons, my dear," replied Adele loftily. "I am sure 'B. S. C.' means 'Defenders and Saviors of the Country.' It's probably a society of veterans."

"Parson me, miss," said a stolid individual next to the faithful Adele. The letters meant Department of Street Cleaning."

THESE LITTLE GIRLS ARE ARTISTS IN VARIOUS LINES.

In the domain of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, there is published a periodical which has a department called "The Children's Salon." This differs from the ordinary juvenile department in that it does not merely amuse its readers, but is a sort of educational club. It is, in fact, a sort of youthful Chatsworth circle on art, literature and music. The young members are fired with proper enthusiasm for various forms of culture. Occasional competi-



Notes from Abroad.

Among the American debutantes presented at the last London Drawing Room Miss Muriel Sanford, whose home is in the extreme North, was remarkable for the originality of her costume. Her gown was, to be sure, of the regulation white, but took the form of some shining material, with a trimming of pearl lilies, which suggested a snow princess in its intense purity and staidness.

News comes from Paris that the young Castellanes are seen frequently and evidently on the best of terms. Their quiet going about together is doing much toward silencing the unpleasant rumors of domestic infelicity.

The Duchess of Marlborough has been conspicuous at many London functions since her presentation, and is noted for her taste in dress. At the opera recently she was seen in a simple gown of white with only a diamond crescent earring in her hair and a string of pearls at her throat.

Dreams as Warnings.

If science has dispelled such old wives' fables as that to dream of a marriage signifies a death, or to dream of a cat means an enemy, she has added to the subject matter of her own. One scientist systematized those subtle premonitions to make them available for use, and guidance. To quote his opinion:

Lively dreams are a sign of the excitement of nervous action.

Frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head.

Dreams in which one imagines pain or injury to any part of the body indicate disease of that part.

Dreams of distorted forms are a sign of obstruction or disease of the liver.

To dream of fainting indicates a weak action of the heart.

Gentle, pleasant dreams are a sign of a slight irritation of the head, but in nervous fevers often indicate the approach of a favorable crisis.

Dreaming is an experience common to humanity, though it varies widely in different individuals, and in a few exceptional cases is absolutely unknown.

SAGE WOULD USE THE CITY'S CREDIT.

Wants Funds with Which to Build New "L" Lines and Extensions.

Also He Wants Claims for Damages Waived by Property Owners.

W. C. WHITNEY IN THE TRANSIT FIELD.

With the Elkins-Widener Syndicate He is Suspected of Having Big Schemes Afloat—Third Avenue Plans.

Russell Sage, George J. Gould and Robert M. Gallaway were cloaked yesterday in a prolonged discussion of rapid transit projects that are to be the subject of a proposition from the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company to the Rapid Transit Railroad Commission on Thursday.

The three men agree that the company will not undertake the construction of any new lines or any extensions until the claims of property owners for damages are waived. Mr. Sage declares that the Manhattan Company has paid \$9,500,000 for damages of this sort.

It is understood that Mr. Sage, under certain conditions, will favor a new line from the Battery to Harlem, and a partial reconstruction of the Sixth and Third avenue lines, to admit of a faster express train service. For the new line he favors West street and Tenth and Amsterdam avenues to Two Hundred and Eighteenth street. The project for extensions in the annexed district, Mr. Sage says, has not yet been agreed upon.

It was said yesterday that the Manhattan Company would ask the city to lend its credit for raising the money needed. Thirty million dollars, it is estimated, would furnish the city with rapid transit facilities adequate for the next fifty years. Mr. Sage argues that if the Commission could look with favor on the loan of the city's credit on an untried underground system, it should approve of this proposition, which, it is believed, will be submitted to the Commission.

The members of the Rapid Transit Commission are favorable to an early agreement with the Manhattan Company if one can be made sufficiently broad to furnish the needed relief. Chairman Alexander E. Orr said yesterday that the Commission would aid the Manhattan Company in carrying out any plan that would meet with its approval and commend itself to the public.

The Manhattan officials and others interested in street railway properties are speculating on the rumored projects of William C. Whitney with some anxiety. Some of them believe that his connection with new surface line enterprises foreshadows trouble in the market for street railway securities, and possibly his eventual control of the several important systems of New York.

Mr. Whitney's statement to the Eighth Avenue Railway people and subsequent explanations of President Vreeland and John

D. Crimmins, of the Metropolitan Traction Company, are held in some quarters to indicate that great projects are afoot. Among these the equipment of the Eighth avenue line and the fourth and Madison avenue line with a new system of mechanical traction is regarded as the most important, as the changes, when carried out, will give the syndicate control of two main lines through the city, in addition to the Broadway cable.

It was learned yesterday that the Metropolitan Traction Company's contract for the exclusive use of compressed air motors in New York was made with the Street Railway Power Company, a West Virginia corporation of innocent appearance, with directors intimately connected with the officers of the Traction Company. A quarter of a million dollars has been paid in by the Street Railway Power Company, and expended for the equipment of a plant for making air motors. The machinery has been built on the order of this company by the Cramps, of Philadelphia; the American Wheelock Engine Company, of Worcester, Mass., and the Niles Tool Works, of Niles, Ohio. The Traction Company has made contracts for a large number of motors, and will proceed with the equipment of the Eighth avenue line as soon as new tracks can be laid.

The office of the Street Railway Motor building has been at No. 128 Postal Cable building, and the business has been transacted by E. S. Cramp, of Philadelphia; Ed. W. K. Hill, of Worcester, and Joseph H. Hoadley, of New York. The backers of the company are William L. Elkins, P. A. B. Widener, Thomas Dolan, H. H. Vreeland, Thomas F. Ryan and William C. Whitney, who control the principal surface street railroads of New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

President Albert F. Ellas, of the Third Avenue Railroad Company, said yesterday that plans for the Kingsbridge extension would be completed soon, and the line built and equipped at once. The Dykman estate, a tract of land on the Kingsbridge road and the Harlem River, with the centre line at Two Hundred and Eighteenth street, has been bought, and a power house will be erected there as soon as the company has decided what power will be used.

OVER THE SEA FOR A HUSBAND.

Miss Force Travels Half Around the World to Get Married.

A romantic marriage, and one a little different from the usual society wedding, will be celebrated in Buenos Ayres, probably on June 17, when, if the steamer which is taking the bride arrives on time, Miss Marguerite Force, daughter of Silas B. Force, of New York, will be married to Assistant Surgeon Frederick Grettan Braithwaite, United States Navy.

June 15 is the date she selected before sailing away to join her fiancé who could not obtain leave of absence to come to this country. It is her mother's and his father's birthday.

Dr. Braithwaite is stationed on the Lancaster, which is to be the flagship of the South American fleet. He has two more years to remain in that part of the world.

The civil marriage will be performed at the American Consulate in Buenos Ayres, and afterward the religious ceremony will take place in the British chapel there. All the officers of the Lancaster will be present in full naval uniform.

Miss Force will have one attendant, a maid of honor. She will be Miss Margaret Watson, of London, the bridegroom's cousin.

Southampton, and a boy with them en route for Buenos Ayres.

Mrs. R. Rodigan, the bride's aunt, accompanies her to South America as chaperon.

FOR THE STORE CLOSET.

A Chapter on Preserves, Canned Fruits, Jellies and Wine Making at Home.

If you care for an easy life beyond all things else, buy your fruit and jellies and preserves ready to hand. But if you are of the wise few who realize that what is gained in ease is much more than lost in flavor and wholesomeness, it is worth your while to read, mark and inwardly digest what is to come after.

Begin work for the Winter by remembering that the better and more delicious the fruit you put in your cans the better it will come out of them. No alchemy lurks inside a glass bottle to transform what is hard, sour or insipid into something that is a joy. This is the first commandment. The second is never to use any sort of stone fruit, upon pain of having it tasteless. The third is to use fruit that is fully ripe but wholly sound. A single slice from anything beginning to rot will taint a whole kettleful. And never for any consideration let yourself be persuaded to make any use of fruit which has begun to sour. Plagues innumerable wait upon such mistaken economy.

Free plums and cherries of stalk and throw out every knotty or malformed or bruised one. Wash, drain thoroughly, weigh, and for each pound take a half-pound of the best granulated sugar. Put the sugar, equally divided, into two porcelain-lined kettles, add to each pound of it a half-pint of boiling water and cook for five minutes, stirring it well and skimming it clean. Let the syrup boil hard and throw in a handful of fruit. The boiling will be checked; when it begins again the fruit is ready to be skimmed out with a perforated ladle and dropped into the hot can beside you. Repeat until the can is full, using the same kettle of syrup for the scalding. Now fill the jar brimful of clear syrup from the other kettle and seal at once. As the very last you can tell down the scalding syrup and use it to fill the last batch of cans. But be sure you keep the cans of scalded fruit very hot while the boiling down goes on.

For brandy fruit you need but one kettle. Scald the fruit as for canning and sprinkle thickly with sugar as it goes in the jar. Then fill the jars quite to the top with good brandy or whiskey. Let them stand six hours, then fill up again with the spirit, tie down and set away. The scalding syrup will make very good cordial if you add to it a little clear fruit juice, boil it ten minutes, with what spice you like, then strain and put in whiskey enough to keep it about a pint to each three pints of syrup.

Brandy fruit much more pleasing to many palates can be made by packing the fresh fruit down in earthen jars, with sugar plenty, and then covering the whole with good brandy or the very best corn whiskey. Use no spices, and leave the fruit at least two inches below the rim of the jar. Fill with the spirit to the brim, and next day refill before you put the jars away.

For brandy peaches use the clingstones, and be sure to leave the seed in. Clingstones are much the best for canning or preserving. For canning peel and drop in cold water to prevent discoloration, then scald in syrup as previously directed, and fill the cans with hot syrup from the scalding kettle. Very large fruit may require to be halved—but even then you must not forget to leave the seed in.

Grapes require the patience of Job. Wash the bunches thoroughly, then pick off the grapes and "squee out the pulp of each.

LIGHT THE ROAD, NOT THE BICYCLES.

Lawson N. Fuller Discusses Western Boulevard Illumination.

All Smooth Streets Should Be Bright Enough to Show Wheels Plainly.

WHEELMEN'S LAMPS A NUISANCE.

Famous Old Driver Counted Over Thirteen Hundred Cyclists and but Two Carriages While Out for a Ride Last Sunday.

It is now prophesied by Lawson N. Fuller, an authority on everything pertaining to the road, that the improved lamps on the Western Boulevard will be the forerunners of better light on every street now used by wheelmen. "Why, there will be no use for bicycle lamps," said he "after the streets are so illuminated that wheelmen can see each other approach. They are a nuisance anyway, for they confuse the riders. But I suppose they will have to be used until the streets are lighted better."

"The way I figure the matter out is this: After the Western Boulevard is equipped with the new lamps suggested by the Journal, the people will see so plainly what an advantage it is that they will insist on other streets being illuminated in the same way. Then the Park will be better lighted, too, and after that the Aldermen will discover what a useless thing the bicycle lamps are and will repeal the ordinance requiring that they be used. The same will be done with the ordinance requiring that lights be used on light vehicles. This will be a great boon to drivers as well as riders of wheels, and as they represent a majority of the taxpayers it is only fair that they should get what they want."

"Why," continued Mr. Fuller, "to show you how many people use the Boulevard, I will tell you about an experience I had last Sunday. I was out driving with my place, and on the way from Grant's monument down Riverside drive to One Hundred and Eighth street, through One Hundred and Eighth street to the Boulevard, and down the Boulevard to Fifty-ninth street, we met 1,371 people on bicycles, and only two carriages. A majority were on the Boulevard, and I made a calculation that during the afternoon and evening 20,000 cyclists passed up and down that big thoroughfare. A majority of these are out after nightfall, and surely so many people are entitled to more light if they want it, and every cyclist knows how anxious they are to get it."

With regard to the lamps that have been put in place between Seventy-fifth and Seventy-eighth streets, Mr. Fuller said: "They are not so brilliant as electric lights, but they are good enough, and besides, electric lights being high in the air, might be at a disadvantage where there are trees."

Put the bulls in one dish, pulp and seed in another. When you have finished boil the pulp ten minutes, strain it through a colander, then add the bulls and half a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Bring the whole to a brisk boil, stir till the sugar is dissolved, then fill your cans and seal as usual.

Canned pears are not worth the trouble—but pickled ones are most choice. So are spiced pears. To make them take fruit of medium size, ripe but not mellow, and with thin skin. Wash and leave a bit of stem to each, then stick a half-dozen cloves in a pear and pack them in jars, with as much sugar as can be crowded between them. With the sugar add also mace, nutmeg, cinnamon, allspice, race ginger, a little bruised, and shredded lemon peel. Cover with cider vinegar and let stand twenty-four hours—then drain off the liquor, bring it to a boil, skim it well and pour over the fruit while still boiling hot. Repeat twice, and the last time boil the vinegar ten minutes. If it is not sweet enough for your taste add sugar, and be sure that after the last boiling the syrup covers the fruit. Lay a branded paper over the top, then cover the jar with very thick paper, tie down and set in a dark, cool place.

To make excellent light wine from grapes, currants or blackberries, mash the fruit and add to each gallon after mashing two gallons of boiling water. Let it stand a day and night—then strain and sweeten, using three and a half pounds of granulated sugar to each gallon of liquid. Strain till the sugar is dissolved—then allow it to ferment in wood or earthenware, with a thin cloth thrown over the vessel's mouth. Keep it where the temperature is even, and not too hot or cold. After two months rack off into a clean vessel, and in another month rack again and bottle.

Turban and Gold Tiara Hat.

